

THE ALL-ACTION COMIC



ISSUE 61

\$3.50 US

£2.50 UK



8 1>



STERN RETURNS!

DAEMONIFUGE III

BEGINS THIS ISSUE



DAEMONIFUGE

THE STORY SO FAR...

Ephrael Stern, Sister of Battle, was held prisoner by her own order after a disastrous mission to the planet Pavonis left her deeply disturbed. The Inquisition despatched Silas Hand to judge Ephrael and uncover the Chaos insurgents who had infiltrated the Adepta Sororitas but in doing so the search for the truth took Hand and Stern to Pavonis.

When agents of a Slaaneshi cult destroyed their ship, Silas, Ephrael and her fellow sisters were left stranded on Pavonis. Here they discovered the fortress of a lost order of Sororitas the bones and skin of whom were fashioned into the Screaming Cage by the dread daemon of Slaanesh, Asteroth.

The souls of the departed sisters explained the truth of Ephrael's past to her. She had been part of an expedition party to the planet which had been slain by Asteroth. The souls in the Screaming Cage recognised her power and resurrected her, instilling her with all the

knowledge of their studies so that they might one day be avenged and the daemon vanquished.

The combined forces of Silas Hand and the Sororitas eventually destroyed Asteroth but at a heavy price; Ephrael was the sole survivor. Cast away on the world that had become her sisters' final resting place, she committed the wisdom imparted to her to paper and authored the Stern Codex.

With rumours of her powers rife amongst the upper echelons of the Imperial hierarchy her extraction from the planet went awry when one of her rescuers was revealed as an agent of Chaos. With the spirit of Silas Hand to guide her, Ephrael escaped, only to be thrown deeper into danger as she ended up as a prisoner of the Dark Eldar. Rescued by the mysterious Eldar warrior known only as the Pariah who wished to take her to the safety of the Black Library, her escape was once again thwarted and she ended up in the clutches of the favoured sorcerer of Tzeentch, Ahriman...

DAEMONIFUGES III

THE THRICE-BORN PART ONE

"I'm dying."

"I'M DROWNING
ON MY OWN
BLOOD."

"IT WASN'T
SUPPOSED TO
END LIKE THIS."

"I SUPPOSE I SHOULD
BE SCARED BUT...
BUT NONE OF THIS
SEEMS *REAL*."

"AND ALL THAT
MATTERS - ALL I CAN
THINK OF - IS A
SINGLE QUESTION."

"WAS IT ALL *WORTH*
IT, EPHRAEL?"

STORY: MI SWANSON
AND THOMAS FERRASSON
LETTERS: ERIKA STEINBERG
ILLUSTRATIONS: CLOUTIER & KREMER

"M - MY
MEMORIES
ARE *SLUDGE*...

"I ESCAPED FROM
ANKHMAN FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO... I... I
THINK

"THINGS MOVED
FAST AFTER
THAT..."

RESTORE YOUR
COMMISSION WITHOUT
RECRIMINATION OR
STAIN UPON YOUR
RECORD...

SKREEEE
EEEE
EEEE
EEEE
E-----

"ON KORSK-191 I *PURGED* THE
FLAGSLORD *GANGRESH*...

"WHEN THE *MOISE-CULT*
OF *TIKOLOONE* CLAIMED
SANCTUS-TELLER, I WAS
THERE...

"I DEFEATED *KARAY-KENSUS*
AND HIS *BLOODY SPEARS*.
I GUELLED THE *RAIN-SECT*
OF *TIAM* AND HALTED THE
ASCENSION OF THE
HUNGRY CLAW...

"WHEREVER THE
DAINT AROSE.
THERE I WENT
AND I ALWAYS
ALWAYS WON

"AND THEN..."

BE ADVISED:
YOU ARE SUMMONED
TO THE PALACE OF
MOST-HIGH TIKKA TO
RECEIVE HONOURS FOR
DEEDS UNDERTAKEN
IN THE NAME OF HIS
HOLINESS, THE
EMPEROR OF MAN.

AND OH.
OH, MERCY...

IT WAS A THING OF
SUCH *PROBABILITY*
AND *BEAUTY*.

THIS WAY
KEEP
YOUR EYES
DOWN
TOUCH
NOTHING



I WAS AN INCAUTIOUS
FOOL, WALKING WITH HEAD
HIGH AND GUN LOWERED.

SURELY, I THOUGHT, NO ONE
COULD BE SO *AUDACIOUS*
AS TO USE *THIS* HOLY PLACE-

--AS A *TRAP*!

BDAM!
BDAM-BDAM-BDAM!!

LIE STILL.
WATCH LIE STILL AND
LISTEN.

OH
BATHALANOR YOU
NEW THREE OF OUR
BRETHREN

THE ORDO
PALLEUS DOES NOT PRACTICE
FORGIVENESS

CONSIDER
THE MATTER
SETTLED

AND SO IT ENDS

AND YES... YES, I
HEAR HIM *CALLING*
FOR ME...

THREE-
BORN...?

THREE-
BORN LISTEN YOU
WILL DIE SOON
YES.

YOUR
HOLY WORK FATED
TO BE NOW I MUST
HAVE YOUR SECRETS
YOU MUST UNWAVE
YOUR GIFT.

HURRY YES.
TELL US ALL LET
YOUR LIFE NOT BE
WASTED

K-KOSAN?!

S... BUT...
HOW DID AN
ALBIN ENTER THE
PALACE?

NO.

NO.
THIS ISN'T
RIGHT

THIS
ISN'T RIGHT!



IMPRESSIVE.
YES.

EVEN
DRUGGED, THIS
ONE PLUS MORE
VICIOUS THAN I
THOUGHT...

WH...WH...?



IT
MATTERS
NOT.

I'LL TAKE
HER POWER,
ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER...



I'LL TAKE
HER STRENGTH AND
HER KNOWLEDGE...
AND THEN...

...A-AYE.
FARSEER... MM...
THE BLACK LIBRARY
SITS ON YONDER
PATH...

-- I'LL MURDER
THE STARS
THEMSELVES.

MEANWHILE

JUST AS
THE INQUISITOR
SENDS WORD

HIS CONTRACTS
AMONGST THE ELDER ARE
CERTAIN - WE'VE DISCOVERED
THE VESSEL OF AHDWAN
HIMSELF.

WARRIOR ON PREDATOR AT ALL-SEC EIGHTH

BROTHER
CAPTAIN - ARE WE
TO PLACE OUR TRUST
IN THE WORD OF
ALIENS?

ARMED ELDER
NO LONGER VERB

NO... BUT
WE MUST DO AS
THE MASTER
COMMANDS...

AND
INQUISITOR
GREY AK IS BARELY
INCORRECT

WE'VE
TRACKED THIS SCUM TOO
LONG.

PREPARE
THE ASSAULT
BOATS.

FOR THE
EMPEROR AND THE
INQUISITION--

-- THE
GREY KNIGHTS GO
TO WAR!

L- LORD...
THE SUMMERS HAVE
REPORT!

MAGGOT!
I COMMANDED NO
INTERUPTIONS!

S BUT
MY LORD!

WE ARE
ASSAULTED!

Z
Z
Z
Z
Z
K
L
A
N
G

IT'S
HRR! THE ARCH-
FRIEND!

POOLS!

GUARD!
ATTEND!
ESCORT
ME TO MY
SHUTTLE!
BRING THE
PRISONERS!

I'M DRAGGED
NOTHING MAKES
SENSE...

BUDDA-
BUDDA-
BUDDA

EVERYTHING'S
A TANGLE!

SSSSSS--!

FW-
ZK!

EMPTY-SKULLS!

EMPEROR
WORMS!

STAY
BACK OR
THE WITCH
DIES!

IGNORE
THE HOSTAGE!

THE
HERETIC
DIES!

JUSTICE!

WE HAVE
AN IDENT ON THE
HOSTAGE...

SHE'S
WANTED ALIVE BY THE
ORDO - OBJECTIVE A
PROFITUS.

WHAT?



THERE'S A
ROAD IN
MY MIND.

A PATH.

I'VE TRAVELLED
IT ALL MY LIFE
AND ALL ALONE
I'VE WONDERED
WHERE IT LED.



I KNOW
NOW.

THERE IS NO PLACE
IN THIS GALAXY FOR
OPHRAEL STERN.



I AM A THING.

A WEAPON.

AN EXPLOITABLE
RESOURCE.



I AM BESSET ON
ALL SIDES BY
THOSE WHO
WOULD USE ME.



AND I CAN TRUST
NONE OF THEM TO
USE ME WELL.



THERE IS A MOMENT OF
SUBLIME CLARITY.



THE PATHWAY LEADS,
AS IT ALWAYS HAS.

TO A DEAD END



NEXT: THE WAKE

"THE FINAL BATTLE WAS AS
BRUTAL AS THE WEATHER."

QUARRY

Part Three of Three



"HOW I SURVIVED
I COULDN'T SAY."



"HAD I BEEN LUCKY?"



"BLESSED!"



THEY'RE
ALL DEAD





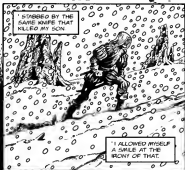




KRONTHALER'S DYING ACT WAS TO
LEAVE ME WOUNDED AND STRANDED



I STABBED BY THE
SAME KNIFE THAT
KILLED MY SON



I ALLOWED MYSELF
A SMILE AT THE
RECK OF THAT.

AFTER HALF A MILE OF ASHES I COULD WALK NO FURTHER.



AND I LAY MY HEAD ONE FINAL
TIME, IN A STRANGE LAND
MANY MILES FROM HOME.

MY MIND BEGAN TO
WANDER, THE PAIN IN
MY LEG DISAPPEARING

I THOUGHT OF MY
HOME TOWN AND
THE SITE OF MY
SON'S GRAVE.





Quadrant Report

Third Cycle.

**Subject: Sister Ephrael Stern,
Ongoing condition of.**

**From the Prioress's private
records.**

As Prioress of the Ecclesiarchy's own warriors, I must ensure that all my Sisters are battle ready, and always prepared to smite the foes of our most Holy Emperor. My duties are such that I would not normally dedicate my precious time to deal with one fallen Sister, but the case presented by Ephrael Stern demands nothing less than my complete attention.

She has languished, on my orders, in a cell for nearly four years. She is kept under constant scrutiny, her behaviour and all her actions are studied and analysed in the sear vain hope that some clue as to her nature can be gleaned. We have been unable to unravel what is going on in her troubled mind.

It pains me to see this once exemplary warrior brought so low. I have reports on my desk that describe Sister Stern in combat, but the words on the page cannot express the righteous anger and zeal with which, in the past, she did smite the foul minions of Chaos. I may have been sceptical of these reports if I had not seen her fight first hand. Never before had I seen a Sister possessed of such power.

It is for this reason that I have protected her. Considering her behaviour since her return from Pavonis, a less understanding prioress would have had her yarged. But something stills my hand. Sister Stern deserves a chance. I will not throw her life away. She was returned to us for a reason, and I intend to find out what that reason is. I am certain that our most Holy Emperor has more for Sister Stern to do. How can he bestow such gifts and strength into one woman, and then turn her strength into madness. I refuse to believe that he

would do such a thing. If I did, my faith would be in question.

We have yet to discover what befell Sister Stern on Pavonis. Our extraction mission was hampered by a need to return to Ophelia VII as soon as possible to counter the Chaos insurgents – most foul and unclean foul beasts of Slaanesh! – who threatened the security of our sector. Ephrael was the only survivor we brought back with us, and how she had changed! Since then she has been kept secure, where she can do no harm, and where no harm can befall her.

Sister Stern's Behaviour

When Sister Stern was picked up from the surface of the planet she was wandering aimlessly, babbling incoherent words and striking anyone who approached her. She revealed nothing about the fate of her Sisters. She was dressed in full battle gear, but it was damaged terribly, with great rents and lesions in the armour. She was covered in cuts, many still leaking blood. But the worst of her wounds, like the better round through her stomach (which should have killed her) were healed and already scarred over. The very worst wound was to her mind though; her eyes were lustreless and full of fear and incomprehension. She looked, in the words of Sister Frieola who first found her, 'like a walking corpse'.

Ephrael's behaviour, demeanour and mood since her return from Pavonis is deeply troubling, but not, as some seem to believe, the result of a Chaos taint. It took many months for our Sisters in the Orders Hospitalier to clean her wounds and reinstate her to



physical fitness. I had hopes that her physical recovery would lead to her mental faculties regaining equilibrium. I was sadly mistaken.

Although she has regained her senses and no longer drifts in a deep coma — indeed, her mind is working at a furious rate — she barely sleeps and when she does she is wracked by nightmares. She wakes up screaming, dripping with perspiration, every morning. I wonder how she deals with the trauma of it.

Ephrael's Words

In her waking hours, when she is not undergoing treatment and interrogation, she broods and writes: on her cell walls, on the floor, over her bed linen. We have tried our hardest to decipher the codes and rants that she scrawls, but we cannot even begin to understand it. Is it the ravings of a lunatic, or does a deeper meaning reside in her spidery writing? Here is a transcript of the sort of things she writes again and again:

...the skins on the fathers shall be handed down unto the seventh generation... red is the Eye that shall open, black is the sky where it burns... all is Chaos and unreason..., the absence of faith...

[For a full transcript of Sister Stern's writings see files ES-434.5 to ES-469.0]

There is no rhyme or method to her madness; she repeats phrases, scribbles others out, only to write them out all over again, sometimes writes in a backwards script and

even affects the notion of writing, but keeps the pen away from the writing surface. When she runs out of ink she taps a vein and uses her own blood. I allow this behavior to continue because it may give us an insight into her mind; it may cast light into the darkness that she surrounds herself with. Although I must admit that precious little in the way of results has been apparent so far.

Ephrael's Effect on her Sisters

I knew that my decision to merely incarcerate Sister Stern has caused many to question my wisdom. Never openly, of course, but I can see it in their eyes,



especially those who have to deal with her on a regular basis. Rumor is rife and I am hard pressed to put a stop to the scurrilous idea that she is somehow infected with Chaos and poses a grave danger to the sisterhood.

Such concern is not surprising, although I am concerned about the vehemence some of the sisters have against Ephrael, and the disgust in which they hold her. This depth of feeling is usually felt by those who did not know her well; it is certainly not shared by those who have seen her give vent to her righteous fury against all the dark enemies, as I have, when she was herself.

I keep an armed guard on watch over her cell at all times, to ensure that Ephrael remains contained, but also to protect her

from agents who may wish her harm. We live in dangerous times, and it is in times such as these that some men and women can allow paranoia, as opposed to wisdom and restraint, to rule their hearts and affect their decisions. I will not allow anarchy and the rule of the mob loose within the walls of our great fortress. If misfortune befalls Sister Stern I will hold myself accountable.

I am not alone in my support of Ephrael Stern. Some of those who have fought alongside her have pledged their support to me, in private, and I am grateful for that. But the lack of change in Sister Stern's condition is a constant worry. A Sister of Battle is trained not just in combat; she is trained to discipline her mind and soul against the predation of Darkness. If Stern proves too weak, then I fear she will succumb to her stupor for many years to come.

I hope for a breakthrough, a catalyst to snap her out of her torpor, but I cannot fathom what that may be. There is no question of putting her back onto active duty, and all the while that our tedious treatment and conditioning has no effect, I can see my control of the situation getting weaker. Results are demanded, but Sister Stern is not obliging.

The Present Situation

Sister Stern still remains the same. I went to her cell today, and left disappointed and upset. I see a great warrior destroyed, and can think of no way to raise her up again to her once exalted status of a Sister of the Adepta Serenitas. Our efforts appear wasted, and our futility in the face of this problem troubles me deeply. What if the same malady takes another of our Sisters?

Will our cells become filled with members of our Order, rather than the enemies of the Imperium? What a terrible thought!

Resentment for our captive Sister grows, as does my frustration at her anguished condition. I do not question the notion that I am doing the right thing, but others do, and if the seeds of resentment are allowed to take hold and root, there is no telling how much damage will be done the foundation of our great Order. Perhaps I should ask the question: is it worth it?

But I know I cannot leave Sister Stern to the fate that others less sympathetic to her cause would decide for her. Would I leave a comrade dying on the field of battle without doing all I could to rescue her? Of course not! So I shall not abandon Sister Stern.

Some see the insidious effects of the archeremy in every face, and seek to redress

all our problems by blaming them on Chaos. I believe that to do this is to weaken our position and give the initiative to our enemies. If a warrior has a wounded arm, she does not hack it off! She seeks to heal the damage and return to continue the fight. This concept can be applied to Sister Stern. To be sure, she ails, but we must seek to find a cure, not simply eliminate the problem. The easiest path is rarely the wisest. Sister Stern was damaged by whatever befell her on Pavonis, but I believe the damage can be repaired.

Further Action

I requested that a representative of the Inquisition be sent to investigate Sister Stern at Pavonis when she first arrived back on Ophelia VII. They have answered the call at last and are sending one of their

most diligent and pious (as they tell me) inquisitors to us. He should be arriving any week now. His name is Silas Hand, and I will have to allow him to judge true or Ephrael Stern.

I felt conflicting emotions upon hearing this news, at once relief that the situation may undergo a conclusion, and trepidation: what if he can find no answers either? What if Inquisitor Hand simply judges her 'heretic' without proper trial and investigation? If he does that I will be powerless to intervene, and Stern's life will be forfeit.

But I have no choice. Stern's destiny lies before her, and Inquisitor Hand has become part of that now. I wonder what road they will travel on together? I wonder how he will judge Sister Ephrael Stern, Sister of Battle, and vice comrade in arms?



...S FINE WORK
JURGEN...

STILL IT
WOULDN'T DO TO LEAVE
OUR FRIEND'S SWORDHAND
IN ANY CONDITION TO BE
HEALED

HIT HIM
AGAIN

GHY WED
LOST YOU FRIEND ELF
YOU REALLY SHOULD TRY
HARDER TO STOP
AWAY!

NOW AS
I WAS SAYING YOU MUST
UNDERSTAND THERE IS
NOTHING PERSONAL
IN ALL THIS

GRANTED
IT IS UNUSUAL TO BE ACTING
ON BEHALF OF AN EMPLOYER WHO
IS ALREADY DEAD! BUT I SAY A
DEAD MAN'S GOLD IS AS GOOD
AS ANY OTHERS

AND THE
BARON TRULY HATED YOU
FRIEND ELF

TOWARDS
THE END AS HE COUNTED THE
MOMENTS TO THE HEADMAN'S
I THINK HE CAME TO BELIEVE YOU
WERE SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE
FOR ALL HIS LIFE'S
FAILINGS

IT IS NOT
ENOUGH THAT THE ELF SHOULD USE
HE TOLD ME

HE SAID WE
SHOULD KILL YOUR WOMAN AND
GRAPPLE YOUR SWORDHAND. THEN HE
SAID HE WANTED YOU TO LOOK UPON
THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO HAD
DONE THOSE THINGS
TO YOU

AND KNOW
THOUGH YOU MIGHT HAVE TO
LIVE CENTURIES WITH YOUR
GRIEF HE WAS BEYOND YOUR
VENGEANCE

OH, AND
ONE OTHER THING,
FRIEND ELF.

—THE
BARON SAID WE
WERE TO MAKE
SURE HIS FACE WAS
THE LAST THING
YOU EVER
SAW



AS TO MY SALE YOU WILL REMEMBER
SAY I RETURNED TO THE GREAT
MOUNTAINS IN SEARCH OF JUSTICE

THE YEARS THOUGH HAD BEEN
KIND TO MY ENEMY BRUNO
HERE HAD GROWN WEALTHY
AND WAS WELL-PROTECTED

AND SO, SEEKING TO
BRING JUSTICE TO ONE
MAN I ENLISTED THE
AID OF ANOTHER

"THE PERCEAVAL
HELLGARDIST GUY!"

THERE
IS BLOOD IN THE
AIR

SENTINEL
BUT TWO OF THEM THEY'LL
NOT BE TROUBLING
US

WHERE NOW
HELLGARDIST GUY? DO YOU HAVE
SOME NOTION WHERE WE SHOULD
BEGIN OUR SEARCH?

MORE THAN
A NOTION BEFORE HE DIED
ONE OF THE SENTINELS TOLD ME
WHERE WE COULD FIND HIS
MASTER

"IT SEEMS KNOWN TO YOU WOULD
BE COMING FOR HIM HAS TAKEN
ITS TOLL ON BRUNO HERE

THREE YEARS AGO HIS MEN'S "FURY" GAVE OUT
TAKING TWO MONTHS SUPPLY OF FOOD AND WATER
WITH HIM, HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN A STRONGROOM
AT THE TOP OF THE CASTLE'S CENTRAL TOWER

"HE HAD BEEN THERE EVER SINCE, REFUSING TO SEE EVEN HIS OWN MEN

"THE TOWER, ELF, THAT
IS WHERE YOU'LL FIND
YOUR PERCEAVAL"

THOUGH FIRST
WE WILL
NEED TO CROSS THIS
COURTYARD

NOW
RUN?

SEE AND
NO DOUBT A DOZEN MORE WITHIN
BAST BARRIOT

KLING! KLING! KLING! KLING!

THAT BELL!
THE DOORS OF THE
SENTRY POST HAVE BEEN
DISCOVERED.

I HEAR IT.
ELF STEEL. IT HAS ONE
ADVANTAGE.

"NOW AT LEAST WE CAN
PUT SUSPECTS AWAY."

SO
HIS SOLD THEIR
BACK.

YOU ARE
OUTNUMBERED.

YOU FIND
ME TO GET YOU CLOSE
ENOUGH TO KILL BRUNO
MERZ. ELF I HAVE
NOW SO

"DO WHAT YOU
CAME HERE TO DO."

KNOWING THAT WITH
EVERY STEP AND
FOOTFALL, I MOVED
CLOSER TO THE END OF
A ROAD I HAD TRAVELLED
FOR THIRTY YEARS.

A ROAD OF RECKONING AND
RETRIBUTION. A SWORD-
ROAD TRAVELLED IN THE
NAME OF JUSTICE.

THEN LEAVING
HILLBRANDT BRUHN TO
FACILITATE THE GATHERING
GUARDIAN ALONE, I
CLIMBED THE TOWER.

FINDING THE DOOR
TO THE STOREROOM
UNLOCKED AND
FEELING A SUDDEN
RESISTANCE IN ITS
MOVEMENT AS I
PUSHED IT AWAY.

BUT FOR ALL I HAD LOOT THE ONE
BRUNO MERZ SOON BY SIGHT MY
WITS WERE NOT AMONG THEM.

KRRR



WHAT GAVE HEAT WAS
ALMOST TO BE EXPECTED



COME
OUT AND FACE
ME BRUNO
HERE

YOUR TRAP
IS FILLED AND IT IS LONG
FAST TIME WE HAD OUR
RECKONING



KNOW
YOU CAN HEAR ME
COME FASTER WE LET US
BRING THIS MATTER TO
A CLOSE



WHERE
ARE YOU BRUNO HERE?
DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS
ROOM SO LARGE YOU
CAN HIDE HERE
FOREVER?



CHNNG



I COUNT
THIRTY SECONDS
NOT SO GREAT A SPACE FOR A MAN
TO HIDE IN AND I WILL SEARCH THIS
ROOM FACE BY FACE
IF I MUST

OR DO YOU
HOPE TO HIDE LONG ENOUGH FOR
YOUR MEN TO COME AND SAVE YOU? IS
THAT IT BRUNO HERE? DO YOU THINK
THIRTY SECONDS?



HERE
LET ME SHOW YOU
HOW WRONG YOU
ARE

YOU HAVE
BUT TWO CHANCES NOW
BRUNO HERE COME OUT AND
FACE ME





A REMARKABLE MAN.
THE BELLHOPPER PERHAPS THE
MOST REMARKABLE MAN I MET IN
ALL MY TIME IN THEIR
LANDS.

BUT I WOULD
NOT CARE TO SHARE THE COMPANY
OF SUCH A MAN TOO LONG. HUNGRY
CALLOUS DISREGARD FOR LIFE CAN
BE CONTAGIOUS.

I MYSELF
HAVE TAKEN MANY LIVES. MAN,
ORC, DWARF - EVEN ELF SADDY ON
OCCASION.

BUT THOUGH
OFT TIMES WE HAVE NO CHOICE
BUT TO KILL, WE MUST NEVER FORGET
THAT WITH EVERY DEATH, EVEN THE DEATH
OF A MAN LIKE BRUND MEZZ,
SOMETHING PRECIOUS
IS LOST.

ALWAYS
REMEMBER, ONCE
LONG AGO, THERE WAS A TIME
WITHOUT KILLING. A TIME BEFORE
DEATH, WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG
AND GOLDEN AND ALL THINGS
WERE IMMORTAL.

THEN
DARKNESS CAME,
AND WITH IT, RUINER. BUT
NOW, I TELL YOU, THERE WAS
A TIME BEFORE DEATH. A
TIME WITHOUT
KILLING.

PERHAPS
ONE DAY GODS WILLING,
WE CAN DISCOVER IT
AGAIN.

BUT DRAWN TO A LOOKOUT'S FACETED GAZE
THE SAILOR HAS ALREADY TURNED AWAY.

THEY ARE NEARLY HOME!

AREND, ULTHUIN IS A DISTANT
JEWEL IN UNTRUBLED SEAS
AND AS THE CREW MAKES
PREPARATION FOR LANDFALL,
ARENDTHAL FINDS HIMSELF
ALONE ONCE MORE.

ALONE WITH HIS
THOUGHTS.

"LET ME
HAVE PUT MY DREAM
OF BLOOD BEHIND
ME."

A TIME
WITHOUT KILLING I
HAVE COME SO FAR
AND SUFFERED SO
MUCH.

GODS
WILLING

And I tell you,
our lives can have only one
truly noble aim. We must
struggle to build a world
without hatred, vengeance
or strife. A world in which
the sword that draws blood
may be sheathed forever
more.

—attributed
to the High
Pope of the
Peacemakers

THE END



- **FOR ULTRAMAR, FOR THE EMPEROR:** Graham McNeill has just started work on his next Black Library project, *Dead Sky, Black Sun*. This new Warhammer 40K novel continues the Ultramarine series, following on from *Warriors of Ultramar* as Uriel Ventris take his company to attack an Iron Warriors controlled world. Storming stuff!
- **THE REALLY WILD SHOW - CODEN - BOOK:** After his first novel, *The Burning Shore*, Robert Earl was keen to begin his second Black Library novel. *Wild Kingdoms* features *The Burning Shore* heroes Florin and Lavenno as they set off into the savage Ogrye Kingdoms in search of a survivor from a sacked trade caravan. This should prove to be an ogreishly good read!
- **THE HORUS HERESY IS HERE:** The absolute awesome, full-colour, giant-size art book, *The Horus Heresy Vol 1 - Visions of War*, will be on sale for all you people out there with a love of 40K Imagery, or science fiction art in general. This book does not just contain hundreds of Sabertooth pictures and John Blanche's amazing full-page concept paintings. Oh no, there is much more than that. From the illustrious pen of Games Workshop's very own Alan Merrett is reams of informative text, revealing tons of facts and details on the *Horus Heresy*. Be sure to get your copy. A special limited edition is also available. Check out our website for details.
- **THE CIRCUS ARRIVES:** Events season is upon us and we've got a pretty hectic schedule this year! In the UK we'll be at Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, Bristol, Leeds and London as part of Games Workshop's Conflict events. Then Warhammer Monthly editor Christian Dunn will be at Bristol Comics Con 2004 in May with a load of special guests. Then there's the madness of Games Day! At the moment we're confirmed at US (Baltimore), UK and Canadian Games Days, so watch this space for news of special guests.
- **THAT'S IT FOR THIS MONTH. ISSUE #62 ON SALE 27 MAY 2004**

● WRITE TO: Warhammer Monthly, The Black Library, Games Workshop, Willow Road, Nottingham NG21 2WS, UK ● EMAIL: publishing@games-workshop.co.uk

ORUS HER

NEXT ISSUE :



ABNETT | SMITH



THE THIRD
INSTALLMENT OF



THE WARHAMMER



Minutemen



Read it,
Like it?
Buy it!

ABADDON

REIGN IN BLOOD

